

The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

Homeless Toike

Midterm Tips!

Financial Tips!

Whistle Tips!

Whoo Whoo!!

Frosh Test Amswers!

And Gratuitous Hobos!!!



VOLUME C- ISSUE II-OCTOBER 2010

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

All the Frosh who gave us sweet test answers. We would also like to thank the inventors of the Super Spicy Chicken McArsen.

COLOPHON

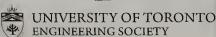
The Toike Oike is produced using 3 calculators and intimate knowledge of the art of Shotokan Karate. Often, we will engage in ludacris slow-motion fight sequences which wreck the office, forcing us to go sit outside and bounce ideas off homeless people to get the issue done.

The Toike is a 16-day festival held each year in Munich, Germany, running from late September to early October. It is one of the most famous events in Germany and the world's largest fair, with some six million people attending every year. The Toike is an important part of Bavarian culture. The festival is beld on an area named the Theresienwiese (field of Therese), often called d' Wiesn for short. Visitors eat huge amounts of traditional hearty fare such as Hendl (chicken), Schweinsbraten (roast pork), Haxn (pork knuckle), Steckerlfisch (grilled fish on a stick), Würstl (sausages) along with Brezel (Pretzel) and Knödeln (potato or bread dumplings).

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring tha pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.





EDITORIAL

Hey Readers.

Yup, nothing beats riding the rails, playing on your hobo harmonica and exploring the world for free. Well, thanks to our high journalistic standards, we've provided the other side of the argument as well, from the outspoken Roger Conley, in yet another action packed pointcounterpoint. Read on and discover the intricacies of this controversial

Like any self-respecting homeless person, we're ready to tell you what you SHDULD be doing with your life in a series of midterm and financial advice articles. Dur factcheckers guarantee that all facts and advice in these articles are 100% accurate. Dur fact checkers also unanimously agree that they couldn't find one damn thing that needed correcting in the mouthwatering, craving-inducing, acid-

McARSEN!!! let hunger get you down! Burn hunger TD THE GROUND with the SPICY-AS-BALLS McARSEN!!! Paris Hilton tried this burger and said "That's ho - DH MY GDD MY TDUNGUE IS DISSDLVING IN A BDILING FURY DF DELICIOUS!"

Alright, there. Now where's my \$100? These capital letters don't pay for themselves you know.

Also, a hearty congrats to the Frosh. Your fake test answers were amazing. In fact, the collection was too large to fit comfortably in the centerspread, causing the first Fake Test Answer overflow in recent memory. So give yourselves a pat on the back, enjoy the answers, and if any of them are yours, come to the next Toike meeting. The meeting dates are (and always will be) shown in the black box below.

I guess I'm running out of things to say...

It's OK though, I'm sure I can fill the rest of this space.

After all how hardisittocrank out a thoughtful, meaningful editorial full of good content?

- Navid Nourian Editor-in-Chief

LEMMIERS TO THE ENDINOR

I've run 2 days through shrubbery and swamps to warn you: the cocks be floppin'

Lt. Quincy McDickens

Dear McDicks, 1..I. Oh God no...I have to warn evervone!

Navid

Dear Editor,

I find the callous and vicious slander in this issue is not at all representative of how the homeless live. In fact I begin to suspect that my homeless bretheren and I may possess a greater capacity for humor and insight than this sad excuse for a paper. I forward to our mental jest knowing that I will best you in this game of wit.

The Atrium Hobo

Dear Hobo,

1...wow, well, this is awkward...I thought you guys were all illiterate... or at least so perma-drunk that you couldn't read words off a poge. I don't know what to say...look, how about we keep this between ourselves OK? No need to tell the other hobos.

Also why ore you so goddamn eloquent, it doesn't moke sense!!! Hell, you wanna do my job for me?

Navid

Dear Hobo Editor, Get a job you bum!

Strappy Joe

Dear Ignorant Nincompoop. You're using the verb "get" in an entirely ambiguous and inappropriate manner. To you mean to obtain, to recieve, to go after, to steal? You might wish to try "Take yourself to a place of employment!!!" or "Make a greater effort to obtain a job, dickfuck!" All of which are much clearer in their verb use.

Sincerely, Atrium Hobo, Acting Editor Dear Editor,

I've been trying to reach you for weeks. It seems every day I'm sending off a new email to you

which reads:

Dear Editor,

I've been trying to reach
you for weeks. It seems
every day I'm sending off
a new email to you which

Dear Editor,
I've been trying to reach
you for weeks. It seems
every day I'm sending off
a new email to you which

Please get back to me ASAP

Please get back to me ASAP

Please get back to me ASAP

Please get back to me ASAP.

Regards,

Ray Cursion

Dear Mr. Cursion,

Please stop recursing my inbox. It makes it naseous.

Check this Black Box for Meeting Dates! Also use it as a mini-Toiking page for babies.

> Content Meeting: Put-Together Meeting:

October 7th at 6PM October 22nd at 6PM

in the Sandford Fleming Atrium (Basement Level of SF)

> Free Food and Drinks, everyone welcome!

Hate your postman? Make his job obsolete! Email us: toike@skule.ca

NEWS BRIEFS

Fronce Outlows Burko in Public Ploces Due to Feor of Ninjos

Last month the government of France passed a controversial law banning the burka in public places. After continual international allegations of religious discrimination, France's president, Nicholas Sarkozy, called a press conference in response: "Therehavebeenmanyallegations,

calling us racist, or intolerant... backwards, even stupid, but I say, listen first before you judge. Please know that we accept the people of Islam with our full French heart. The burka, however, we cannot accept. The threat of ninjas is far too great! With the Burka outlawed, ninjas can no longer hide in plain sight. We can walk down the street confident that the person approaching us is not a ninja waiting to strike. Only now can we, the French, be truly free! - (Translated from Italian) At this point the crowd of French reporters erupted in applause, as the President opened a bottle of wine with his teeth, drank from it, and began kissing the closest woman to him. Needless to say, the French president took no questions. France has a long history of ninja-related fatalities.

Ontorio Court Rules Alcoholics Deserve Disobility Poyments: Liquor Soles Skyrocket

The Ontario Court of appeal has upheld a ruling, which allows chronic alcoholics to collect disability payments.

"This is really a breakthrough for human rights in Ontario" said a grizzly homeless man lying beside the LCBO. When asked to comment further, the man began vomiting uncontrollably out of what we can on only assume was unbridled joy.

The effects of this ruling have been far reaching across Ontario. Alcohol sales have doubled, and many students have started "career drinking". At U of T alone, class attendance has dropped a third on average, with students electing to go to the pub to "do something productive". This problem has been especially prevalent in the department of philosophy because their degree is pretty much useless.

Bathroom Etiquette



Point - Counterpoint

Having a Home is Awesome Roger Conley

You know, there are some things you never think really notice in life: breathing, your body's ability to control your muscles, the third world...but having a house is not one of them! Not a single minute goes by without me thinking about how great it is to live in a home. I seriously think everyone should try to live in a home at least once; tell me what it's like to go hack to not having a roof over your head after that!

Let's look at this carefully. Not only do you have protection from the elements in your house, but you can also shit and piss in private. IN PRIVATE! If you've never defecated while in an enclosed space you have no idea what you're missing. It brings poop to a whole new level. On top of that, you can even fill your house with things you own. Just imagine a place to put all the stuff you've accrued over the years (my list: television, a bed, a citrus zester). You can even subscribe to services in your home. Want to communicate with others? You can get a telephone. Want to be entertained? Get a TV. Want to eat? You can even have food brought there for you!

Inere are no limits to the fun you can have and the great experiences you can share with friends when you live in a house! It's a great place to

Faggots! All I see is Faggots! Zango the Moon God

BRAHBRAHBRAH You're all faggots! Each and every one of you is a faggot sent by the government to control my mind! YOU THINK I DON'T SEE THROUGH YOUR VEIL?!?! 1 know what I know! Jesus showed me. Jesus came down to me 7 times in the past 11 days and told me just how much you want the secrets in my head. Well, guess what? You'll never have them! AHHGHGHGHG!!!! You and your bitch friends can just FUCK OFF and keep away from me. Especially you! You stay the fuck away from me! Don't think you can get away with your CIA mind control tricks 'cause you'll be sorry if you do! It's me against the world and BRAHBRAGH <unintelligible> and you'll never take it away from me! Jesus came down to me 8 times in the past 9 days and told me you're all CIA faggots! Try to put a bug in my skin? You just wanna put your faggot bugs all over me and know what I think and do! GRABRABRAGHBRAGH!!!

Can I have some change?



IS IT DICKS?

Yeah, it's probably dicks.

Nope. Nah, I don't really think it's dicks.

Well it might be dicks.

No, it's actually not dicks.

I heard it was dicks.

No you didn't.

No one would be stupid enough to tell you it was dicks.

I'm pretty sure it is dicks, though.

It's not fucking dicks.

I didn't say it was fucking dicks. I just said it was dicks. Because it is.

It's not dicks and it's not fucking dicks. This is not dicks.

But it's dicks!

Well I guess there's a chance it's dicks.

See what I'm saying? Dicks!

So you're saying it could be dicks?

Not could. It IS dicks.

Oh...dicks?

CHILDREN'S ADVERTISERS

Dicks!
Dicks!
Dicks!

Dicks!!!

Dicks. It's probably them.

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Did you know you're just a monkey pushing buttons, then you die? Also, there is no heaven.

IN-FUN FACTS! If your dog isn't going to heaven, what chance do you have?

VP Comm Hates "...those Damn Dirty Hobos."

Preamble:

In accordance with time-honored traditions, on his birthday, VP Communications for EngSoc Abhishek M. may or may not bave consumed vast oceans of alcohol. After quenching his eternal thirst for good booze, he did what every EngSoc Officer since time immemorial has done: give the Toike a drunken rant on a topic relevant to the theme. The masterpiece is presented here with no edits to spelling or grammar (it's more fun to try and figure out what he's saying). We proudly present, this month's piece, entitled Who the Fuck Are These Smelly People Anyway?! Homeles peoeople suck. They

need to learn how to get money themslesvce. They really need to go and find a job. If they don't find a job, tyou see them gat union station; singing. If they have that kind of skill, then they not just go and make some music themselves? You know? They er just jerks. They should either a) go and find a job as a musician, or b) just bum out and do nothing with their lives. Theu sholdu gte a myspace page and got sume fucing fna base sso they'll have hobo condcerts and hobo mosh pits and hobo hobo hobhob roke on brothazz!!!1!!!!!!!

Nah, that'sll nevar haappne any-whos. All in all, homeless people are useless. Thehy need to go and take a shower firstly, and after that, they need to go and get a job. Once they can do that, I will then t bink that they can justify my fuckin' taxes.

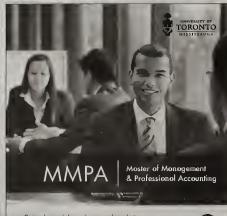
The msayor reight now3 thinkx tghat it's okay to giuve my taxes too studpid fuckinin homeess people, bufFUCK, ii would rather jabve ,uy education, ratyjher that support ruckein homeless people!

C'mon mayor, what's more important, homes pleo,e or engineers?

-Drunk VP Cumm



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www.utoronto.ca/mmpa



How to Annoy Everyone During the Midterm Season

Hola! to all you upper year U of T Engineering Veterans and the Froshies who are still with us and haven't transferred to George Brown/ Ryerson. This article will deal with the subtle art of seriously annoying the shit out of everyone around you during the Midterms when stress levels are at an all time high and regular sleep and showers are at an all time low. Of course I'm sure some of you are already accomplished masters of this skill. For the rest of you, I have taken upon myself the responsibility to initiate you into the Elite Class of Tools by activating your latent talents for douchness using the collective wisdom acquired in my first year of Engineering. Feel free to adapt them into your own unique style. Be creative and have fun! So here 7 step process to ruining the lives of everyone around you during the midterm season:

1) Outside the exam hall - 5 minutes before entering Scan the waiting crowd for hud-

dled clusters of individuals who you are familiar with. In all probability they will be heatedly discussing concepts that are likely

to be tested / bitching about the amount of material that's going be tested / reviewing / cracking corny jokes to soothe their fried nerves. Select the familiar group you despise the most (i.e keeners who sit in the front row and answer all of the Professors questions). Now select a random obscure topic in the middle of the assigned sludge which most of the students probably skipped and the Professor never explicitly mentioned is going to be on the exam because it was unimportant/ too difficult. Now put on a worried expression and an excited voice. Rush to target group and blabber something

You: Yo! I just met Prof. Turdlinger and asked him if you need to know about "Non-linear Multivariable Trivia" for the exam, and he's like 'Yes, you do need to know it'.

Classmate 1: WTF??? But..but he never said it was gonna be tested

You: Yeah, I know, but he never said it was not gonna be tested Classmate 1: FUCK!!!! Did you

You: Duh! I spent like my entire afternoon break cramming it... Classmate 1: FUUUUUUUUUU

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Note: Do not under any circumstance say that the Professor said that the concept is coming in the exam. That's an outright lie. Say that the Professor said you need to know the eoncept. And this is true because if you ask any Pro-fessor whether you need to know something for the exam they are going to give you the standard an-

2) Inside exam hall - When placing your bag at the front/ back of exam hall

As you all are aware mobile phones are not allowed during exams. So how do you make best of the situation? Set the alarm clock in your cell phone to ring for a period of 4 seconds, and go off 35 minutes after the exam starts. Why ring for only 4 seconds? Any longer and the surprised invigi-

senses and catch the perpetrator. Why 35 minutes into the exam, you ask? Well, my first year observations have concluded that the concentration levels of the test takers reach their fever pitch after 35 minutes. Disrupting them at this point will scramble their fragile sanity more effectively than a blow to the head with a crowbar.

When choosing your seat Choose a desk that shakes exces sively while writing...This isn't too difficult considering the fact that all exam hall writing desks are probably older than your grandparents. I mean, are you naïve enough to believe that U of T spends our excessive fees to the betterment of student comfort? Anyways, the shakier the desk, the louder the rattling and therefore the more annoyed your exam neighbors will become. It's particularly amusing to watch their faces twitch when they try to keep their angers in check because your incessant rattling will ensure that they won't even get past writing their name on their papers.

4) When you are handed your

Now this is an art...Instead of scribbling on your paper as soon as you are handed one, take time to read it. After reading each ques-tion whether you know the solution to a question or not, pump your fist, grin like a bastard and hiss 'Yesss!!!!' in such a manner that it communicates the message to everyone in your immediate 5 meter radius that you are going to ace the exam. As soon as you finish reading each side of the exam sheet, make sure you flip to the next page as loud as you can. The funniest part is that many of your immediate neighbors who most probably could not even decipher the first question will spend most of their subpar brainpower stressing about how easy the exam is for you instead of solving their own papers.

5) When you are solving your

If you are using a calculator start punching the numbers as loud as you can. Watch as your attention seeking behavior draws looks of pure loathing from your neigh-

(Continued Next Page)

UN-FUN FACTS!

Did you know the universe is hurtling towards heat death and there's nothing you can do about it? Also, there is no god.

UN-FUN FACTS!

Hey, do you appreciate plastic? Because your kids won't get to.

(Continued from Previous Page)

-bours!!!! The effect could be doubled by snapping open a can of pop 35 minutes into the exam. If the snap and the accompanying fizz do not ensure that everyone curses you in their minds, I don't know what will.

6) Finish your paper in half the assigned time

Step 4 will help you realize in advance whether the only questions you answer during the exam are your name and student number or whether you will actually ace the test. In either case, it looks way cooler to leave the exam hall in style whether you are going to fail or not. Make sure when you finish that your scrape your chair backwards as loud as possible, put on the cockiest grin you can manage (to destroy the hopes of those still stuck in that hellhole of an exam), swagger to the front of the class, and hand your paper to the invigilator in the most dramatic manner possible and exit the exam hall.

7) At the end of the exam

Wait ontside the exam hall for everyone to come out. And start discussing the answers as loud as you can. Make sure you discuss the trickiest questions which the majority of your classmates probably guessed. There is no better trigger for wanting to commit suicide than discovering all your guesses in a midterm were wrong. If it was an especially difficult exam asy something along the lines of

"Dude that was like the easiest exam ever!!!! I aced that motherfucker." Now be on the look-out for those whose faces change when you say this because there is no better tonic for being hurled headfirst into the pit of despair than hearing someone recounting how they did better than you.

So, future douchebags and doucherags out there (that's right, I'm not sexist...it's the female version of the douche), before you embark on the journey of becoming a veritable sadist let me give you the aftereffects of following the 7 step regime in advance...

 You WILL be considered a tool...but the fact you read so far confirms that you are already one, aren't you?

2) You WILL become a social outcast...but to get into engineering you already had to do this/...3) You might be found one day ly-

ing in your bed with your throat slit by some angry engineering students...

Good luck to all you initiates on the 'Path of the Douche'. Until next time.

- Victor Übermensch Rhodes Scholar, Sex God, Pop Culture Revolutionary. Spiritual Messiah, Olympic Champion, Business Tycoon, Compassionate Sanurai

Fiscal Fratboy's Financial Facts

Yo bro bow's it going my main maaaaan?! Yo, you shoulda seen the party last night, it was through the roooooof! Whaaaat!

Ok, so I know you missed it cause you were at work to make money or some stuff, and I'm gonna do you a favour. I'm gonna teach you how to turn that dough into bro! Bro-time, that is IN omore punching in and pretending to work while actually checking out your sweet popped collar in every reflective surface. No more hitting on girls only until they leave the store. Check it!

Rule number uno: buy low, sell high. You gotta spend your wad when prices are low, low like the bitches in the cluunuuhs! Once you've done your investering, you kick back, play some Team Slayer, and wait 'til prices are really high, like my secret throw in Ultimate Frizzle-bee! Then you swoop in and collect your dolla' bills. Nice.

Rule number two: Supply and Demand. You gotta use 'em to predict how prices fluctubate. Supply is like how much stuff you got to sell. Like when your Battle Rifle has only 3 rounds of 20 bullets left and 14 in the gun, you got a supply of 74 hullets to shoot all over the fuckin place while I snipe you! I'm kidding, I never camp man, but back to the point. Demand is like how much people want the stuff you got. Low demand is like how many guys want to date Sharon. Man, ugh, what a busty bovine. High demand is like when Limp freakin' Biz comes to town and tickets go on sale! Yeah

Rule number three: Travel. Al lot. When you travel you made money! Anytime you see a businessman, what's he doing? HE'S ON A BUSINESS TRIP! He's got his suit, his suitcase, his suitshoes, and his suitwatch. But most importantly, they have a sweet ride. Now I know we both wish we could live it np riding around on a Wartbog (shotty turrett) and splatter some fags but the next best thing is your dad's sweet Corvette. Just driving around in that thing you can feel your Net Worth rising.

Rule number three: No wait, this is four. Real Estate always returns your investment. Now, this may be hard for you to believe, given how many houses we've driven tanks through in Call of Duty (which is like the most realistic adrenaline-rush ever broski!) but houses are actually sturdy, solid investments. It's better than stocks or bonds. Like could you have a party at a stock certificate? Could you hang 3 random Greek letters in front of it and make everyone admire and respect everything you do? Could you have the big screen, the Xbox 360, and the PS3 in a bond agreement? House always wins man. Where would you pec or sleep in a stock? A house is like "4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms" baby! And yes I mean them in that order. Get drunk hit on hoes, pee in the bedroom, pass out with your face in a bowl, that's a good night dude.

Rule number five: Bros before hoes. I don't think that has a business cannonatation, but it's a rule you should never forget bro!

Rule number six: Stay alert broseph. The market changes quickly. All those other varibables I told you about change minute to minute. Companies make announcements. Shit. Happens. You gotta memorize the stock codes of your favourite stocks (If you can remember MSFT or GOOG) and look 'em np every day to make sure they're OK. Always remember our saying man:



Economist Extraordinaire

the sleepy bro gets penises drawn all over his face.

Rule number seven: Make decisions with the long-term in mind: Alright dude, so now imagine it's Saturday night. You reach into your shashi shorts and find ANOTHER twenty dolla bill! Sweet stuff! Now you could get another beer for flip-eup, or you could invest in a long-term GIC. Olay, olay olay olayaay, payday! And before you ask, the GIC stands for "Get It Cwick!" so don't wait man.

Rule number eight: Crush the competition. See, the companies you invest in have rivals, kinda like how we always gotta deal with those assholes at ΘβΦ thinking they got the best boat-race team. And cause it's really hard to toilet paper an 80 storey office tower, you gotta find other ways to get back at the competition. Crush them like you crush beer cans on your forehead you crazy dudel Give them a financial paddling! Think "What would Master Chief 'And then do it, but without the incendidary grenades.

Tell you wbat, let's do up a round of Halo 3 and we'll go downtowu and find you a good stock bro-ker. Zero to millions in ten seconds flat dudeski!

- Howitzer Thundertackle





I don't always drunkenly beat my wife, but when I do, I prefer being whiskey drunk.

This Week's Hot Topic

After a gruelling battle, Toronto Fire Department Chief Anton Hositdown appeared at a press conference yesterday, revealing to reporters that his fire crews had quite a lot of trouble controlling the

blaze...IN THIR MOUTHS WHEN THEY TRIED THE ALL NEW SUPER-SPICY CHICKEN McARSEN!!! The super-spicy chicken McArsen, it's like an ecstasy-fuelled dance party for your taste buds!!!

Did you know all your childhood memories are fleeting and only contributed to your various neurotic behaviors? Everyone you've ever loved are directly to blame.

rosh Fake Test Answe

During Frosh week, we like to run a little prank disguised as a "Secondary School Evaluation". After reolizing the test was indeed take, some of the Frosh decided to go out in a blaze of glory and turn their answers into funny tidbits. So, without further ado, here are the highlights from the Foke Test,

If you see your answers/comments below, COME WRITE FOR THE TOIKE! You've proven your funny skills and we'd love to have you onboard. There may or may not be prizes involved...

FRONT PAGE

998 *** * 2

Retty good Br Duration: 90 minutes

a 1st time. No aids allowed to

No aids allowed, what about Hiv? on: 90 minutes

meering (All Programs) Professor Ing-Sai Suk

aids allowed

Hettiz gagna hate

Dude we're not gonna try to steal your identity...

Q1, a: Find the derivatives and anti-derivatives of the following functions:

 $(iii) \ln(\tan(x)) + 5$



o day. I hard a like tans. so

Q1, b: Give an example to show that not every finite strategic game has a pure strategy Nash equilibrium.



As porcon see. not all through game. ..

beach has AIDS not a dragon Yeah Texacthy



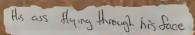
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I have never seen the term Nan car cleve dinormy of a giralte is portal consid Not ever finite strategic game has a port stratery Northequation playing dice right! right! roids! that works too.

Q2: A clown is standing in an elevator holding a helium balloon which is less dense than the air in the elevator. Upon reaching the 30th floor, the elevator cable snaps and the elevator compartment goes into free-fall. What does the clown see?

He sees his lite flashing before his eyes. He remembers the warm summer afternoons spent with his pet dag, strolling on the beach along



Also,

Actually, if the about was hot boring in the devotor, there's no telling what he saw. Paramy fields of shundown, at I has a clour, then he's on orthy then who cores what i

an explosion, stars, nothing, and then the gates of Hell

Fan Fact: He like the ground at a speed of 158 km/h.

round him when he sees his pilletion. leflection he reulizes pletely self-salisfied with life and is nortest as he death below

He doesn't know what he sees because he is too scared He doesn't know and neither do I

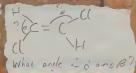


Q3: Why is there no life on Pluto? Use laws of nature and physics

to explain It's many too fast Pluto tracks around the sun at 6280 kg/k so everyone would just \$4 right off

3: Because No Chinese have found a way to taking start a war upon. Seeds there for Aminous to because there's no Americans there for terriate to that with.

Because No ENtr-SCI Student would gave a dawn about this.



Wha, wait, I Withe on asking the questions

There is life on Pluto Fleas

Q4: An asteroid measuring an estimated 4x10^(8) kg is heading towards earth. Its composition is known to be 40% metallic compounds, 20% high-density rock, 25% ise, and 5% residuals such as dust and trapped gases. NASA gives the estimated time of arrival for impact as 2 years, 4 months. It has been projected to hit the Gulf of Mexico. In less than 10 points, explain a method for saving the planet from total destruction.

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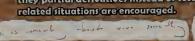
2. Try DEVIATING the asteroid to hit BERMUDA! Where it will be gove for good

Q5: This is the Time-Dependent Schrodinger Equation (TDSE) for quantum probability waves:

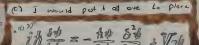
 $i\hbar\frac{\delta\psi}{\delta t} = -\frac{\hbar^2}{2m}\frac{\delta^2\psi}{\delta x^2} + V\psi$

a) Joanne nerophet .

- (a) What is another name for the right-hand side of the equation?
- (b) Identify any assumptions, mathematical or physical, in the setup of the equation.
- (c) In order to transform this TDSE into 3 spatial dimensions, identify where one would add a Laplacian vector operator
- (d) Explain why the derivatives are not written with a "d" (i.e. why are they partial derivatives instead of total derivatives?). Analogies to



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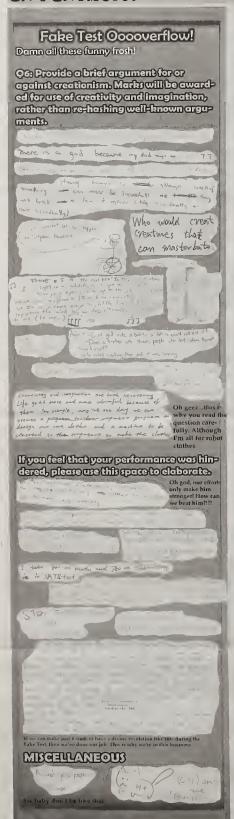
When was all That till winke two with analysis? It does not

make stock notice too this



Boston '98. Its the

IN-FIN FACTS! The Scientologists got it right.



EngSoc Crisis is Over

As our highly-intelligent and wellread readers know, the Engineering Society, or EngSoc, is the student run governing body of our Faculty of Engineering. The society consists of a President, Executives (or VPs), and a number of Directors. EngSoc has been a wonderful place to create initiatives and change in our student body these past decades, but two weeks ago saw the society brought to the breaking point as EngSoc President Kevin Siu declared that he was "noticing certain inefficiencies within our system" and that he was also "fed up with all these goddamn people and their goddamn incompetence". President Siu then added injury to insult by personally firing almost every EngSoc member, declaring that "I am now taking on the responsibilities of the executives, directors, publications, club liaisons, stores, the cafeteria, Blue and Gold chair, the Bnad, and the class reps." When asked why he didn't fire the Chief Returning Officer, President Siu said, "The CRO is in charge of elections and this society is still a democracy. Vote me out if you bitches gotta hate." Among others spared were the Toike staff, "because I like the cut of their jib" according to President Siu, and the VP Finance for "personal reasons".

That was over two weeks ago. Since then, most of the fired members have had a hard time readjusting to normal life. The Bnad leaders, denied access to their room, have taken to beating the Atrium walls with metal sticks to relive their loud, white noise glory, and crashing Skule 8and meetings to try and steal a few instruments. The stores managers have set up essentially an Engincering black market, where, free from the rules of EngSoc, almost anything can be traded such as test answers, firearms, and exotic plant extracts from Malaysia and

affected President Siu? Two days after he began his new duties, he proclaimed, "This is great! There's no communication barriers or waiting times. Whoever said that no one man can do the work of the council was so totally wrong," before laugbing heartily and slamming the door in everyone's face. Then, a mere five days after the takeover, President Siu was spotted being admit-ted to a walk-in clinic, for reasons unknown. At the EngSoc meeting which occurred on Day 8 of the Siu Dynasty, attended only by the handful of remaining positions, the President seemed to suffer a fainting spell before taking the podium

But how has this sudden change

on that fucking purple bear watching him hungrily from the corner of the room. As he stumbled out of the meeting he spilled the contents of his bag. While being tenderly helped up by the VP Finance, one of our own Toike staff noticed that the bag was full of Trucker's pills, which consisted of 90% caffeine, 9% sweet sweet Bogatá bouillon (cocaine), and 1% Jojoba oil.

Day 10 of the Siu Dynasty saw the confirmation of our worst fears: the President had not slept in over 168 hours as he struggled to keep up with his workload. This was made clear when President Siu was found sleeping in the 8nad room on a bed of jerseys, curled around a Tuba, while muttering "I need those cheque req's by tomorrow Kevin. No problem Kevin, I'll do them as soon as I've finished attending this 4-day conference". On Day 11 IKEA workers were seen installing a new



bed in the president's office, and we all hoped things would return to normal. It seemed President Siu was happy with his position, un-til Day 14 when, in a meeting with UTSU, he declared that he was also firing all of them and relieving them of all further duties. Though he had no jurisdiction in the matter, the fiery authority in his eyes stopped any protests. Also helping his dominant position was his passionate takeover speech, which was riddled with outbursts of "Get these fuckin' spiders off me!" while he tore at this skin before resuming. Later that day President Siu retracted his statements and apologized to UTSU by giving them the gift of his pee, on their building, while all pres-ent cheered joyously at the averted crisis, and the continued friendship between EngSoc and UTSU.

Once again, the President disappeared under a pile of work, reappearing only on Day 17 when police found him floating, passed out, in a pool at a private residence in Markham. Upon being revived he attempted to flee, but was ap-

prehended 6 hours later when he walked into a police station in downtown Toronto to file a report that his "Batmobile had been stolen by Suds Man and when they could get it back for him please". Day 18 dawned with President Siu attempting to post bail with a large wad of Monopoly Money, which was denied; and later that day the VP Finance posted bail proper.

Once again the remaining Eng-Soc members forced the President to sleep, which he did for 3 days straight. Upon waking, the Presi-dent realized in a brilliant flash what he had to do. The next day, Day 21, the engineering students were introduced to VP Student Life Pedro García, VP Academics Juán Tercéro, VP Communication Ésteban Nacho, and VP External Jesus Parméra. Despite the VP Finance trying to explain that these positions had previously been volunteer positions, the President continued to exclaim "I've found cheap re-placements for our incompetent officers, who can do a better job, for a smaller wage! Shit, I should be in charge of finance! Take that one on. the house VP Does-Dick-All! Put THAT in your profits column and

8y Day 23 the President once again found himself working the midnight shift (along with the morning, afternoon, and evening shift) in order to keep EngSoc running. Everyone could see that something would have to give very soon, and in fact, to everyone's surprise, it wasn't the President, but the VP Finance. After keeping the President awake for days on end, and convincing him that he had to step down as Emperor of the Tri-Galactic Spice Consortium or risk certain death, he was tricked into signing a resignation letter and reinstating all the members he had fired.

As of today, we're happy to report that EngSoc has returned to business as usual. The members have even voted unanimously to reinstate the well-meaning President... that is, just as soon as somebody can figure out where he is. He wa last seen riding a stallion out of his office while cursing everyone in his way in perfect German. Anyone with information on his whereabouts should report to the EngSoc office. And if you're reading this Mr. President, please, come home. The VP Finance misses you dearly. In fact, we all miss you.

Howitzer Thundertackle



Between the cellphone in your pocket, laptop on your lap, and your obsession with Coke, there's no way in hell you'll experience the joy of parenting.

















cop catchphrase is born









Toike Libs

Ever wonder what it would 1. Name (ex: Harry Dixon) be like to write for the Toike? Well, you should come to the next meeting and find out! In the meantime, however, you can immitate writing an article by coming up with words for the following prompts and filling in the story. We've made it easy by including only simple prompts. None of that nonsense about prepositions or adverbs or 17. Noun adnouns or shit.

- Dick Peasbody

- 2. Noun (ex: toilet seat)
- 3. Adjective (ex: sticky)
- 4. Verb (ex: ferment)
- 5. Plural noun
- 6. Noun
- 7. Adjective
- 8. Noun
- 9. Verb 10. Adjective
- 11. 1st year course
- 12. Verb
- 13. Verb 14. Discipline
- 15. Noun
- 16. Noun
- 18. Verb
- 19. Adjective
- 20. Verb
- 21. Adjective 22. Verb 23. Adjective

- - was an engineering F!rosh. During (2)_
 - earned the name (3) F!rosh because of his tendency to (4)
 - (1) _____ made lots of new (5) _____ during Orientation and drank plenty of

 - Living in res was also great for (1)____ __. It was easy to find (7)____ his room now and to smoke. He did find he needed to (9)
 - then, or it got very (10)_____
 - After getting back his first (11) test, though, (1)
 - couldn't just (12) all the time. He needed to (13) , too, if he
 - wanted to pass (14) ______. He had to find a (15) ______ to help him with
 - (16) ____ or he would be put on (17)_____
 - didn't (18) too hard. Fridays, Suds was a(n)
 - (19) place to (20)_____ , and some of the Artsci girls on his floor were
 - (21) got some advice from the Toike and hoped he could
 - (22)_____ up one of them soon.

Yes, Skule life was (23)___

Did you know humans will render the earth uninhabitable within 100 years, and it won't be technologically viable for us to live on Mars for at least another 200 years?

UN-FUN FACTS! When you thought you were literally growing bigger balls? Tumors. Intelligent ones.

A Private Moment between the Pope and the Queen

Last month, the Pope and the Queen met for the first time in Good London (theone in England) where they shared a mysterious 3-hour meeting behind closed doors. Through Reboot/Tron-seque journeys through the internet, we at the Toike have managed to uncover the uncut recording of this meeting. The following dialogue was transcribed by our top analysts and has not been altered in any way.



[sound of door closing]

Pope Benedict XVI: Holy fuck, how have you put up with this shit for so long?

Queen Elizabeth II: Yeah, it's pretty fucking rough, right?

[sound of cigarette lighting]

Q: You want one?

P: No thanks, those things will kill you.

Q: Exactly.

P: Alright, gimme one of those bad boys.

[sound of cigorette lighting]

P: I mean, I just don't get it. All these people always chasing me, 'Pope this', 'Pope that', 'Your holiness, I'm hungry', 'Your holiness, I'm tired', 'Your holiness, pray for me please-pope-please'. Man, you know how many people have cancer? And they ALL want me to pray for them. It's a damned thorn in the dick it is.

Q: I know, I know, but...l mean, seriously - make some atheist friends. They don't believe in sbit, you can just chill.

P: How the fuck am I supposed to make friends? I can't even drive with the top down anymore.

 $\mathbf{Q} \textsc{:}\ Listen,$ P-Daddy. Maybe you could just not molest people, and then they would be less annoying.

P: Shhhhhbuuuuuuttttt upppppp. That was like twelve popes

Q: Uh huh, sure, whatever.

P: Seriously!

Q: Oh sure, yeah. [sound-of lengthy drog] Anyways, Joe — Can I call you Joe? You know how many commonwealth countries there are? Yeah. me neither. It's fucking nuts! Prime Ministers just show up outside my door all the time, like twice a day. Sometimes they just throw pebbles at my window at the middle of the hight. Always bitching about needing a new Governor General. I swear, Barbados must have twelve of them now. Am I allowed to bitch them out for it? No way, because I am the god-damned Queen I have to be all proper and polite. Did you know that I haven't farted in 34 years?

But I digress. The point is that there are a lot of people that expect shit from me. Then imagine being a religious leader on top of that? Forget about it, it's impossible. That's why my great-great-grandfather let those fucking peasants have a government in the first place. "Let the baby have it's bottle" he said, and it was done.

flong drog [

You just can't let the job get to you, that's the point. Buy a goddamned hammock, light a joint and chill the fuck out.

P: But I don't believe in drug use.

Q: It's a good time to start. I mean, you're stressing out, man. You want another cigarette?

P: No, Its fine.

[Sound of a cigarette lighting followed by a long drog]

Q: Whatever, Ratzinger. You're new at this. Just relax, just give them something, anything. Let gays in or something, or find a new way to piss them off for chuckles.

P: Like money laundering?

 $\mathbf{Q} \text{:} \ Yeah \, \text{sure.} \, \mathbf{l} \, \text{was thinking you could fake Alzheimer's but that might do the trick.}$

P: Hi, Imma da pope, nice to meet you!

Q: Exactly, now you got it. So...you wanna bone or what?

[The remainder of the recording is 40 minutes of 0 stronge rhythmic sound, similar to that of 0 cot being killed by sondpaper]
- Broam TC

70p 6 Off-Campus Encounters While Purple

"Hey lady, my friend here really digs purple chicks."

"Why is there purple on the toilet seat?"

"Can I take a picture with you for my facebook profile?"

"That's a lovely colour on you!"

"Firosh Week isn't an explanation for why you're purple. What is the reason you're purple?"

[Vacant stares]

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animal

Personally I love Panda Bears; the animal, not the euphemism for a large, hairy, Asian homosexual. But it seems despite all human effort, Pandas are still on the endangered species list. Zookeepers are now showing Pandas videos of other Pandas having sex in order to get the Pandas mating. Recently, celebrities such as Paris Hilton have complained that showing Pandas S&M porn is wrong. That was until someone pointed out to Paris that Pandas usually have black eves.



That aside, it seems that Panda porn isn't working, and I think I know why. First, if this porn ends like most porns do, then it's not exactly going to aid in copulation. All you're going to end up with is a sick new fetish called "bamboo shots". Secondly, you've made that poor Panda feel self-conscious. He's probably thinking, "Wow, I wish I had one like that. That dude is hung like a black...bear." And lastly, how on Earth do you expect the Pandas to imitate what they've just witnessed on screen. Do you know how hard it is to spontaneously role-play a dirty doctor and naughty nurse theme, let alone find costumes in their size?

An interesting fact about tigers is that they stalk their pray and only attack from behind. That's right. That beautiful tiger just stabs them right in the back even though they've been together for two whole years; THAT TIGER JUST SLEEPS WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND AFTER ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR HER. MY ASS YOU WERE AT THE TEMPLE! YOU WERE ON YOUR KNEES FOR A DIFFERENT REASON. YOU'RE A WHORE ANISHA AND I HATE YOU!



Sorry, I think I may have been projecting some of my own feelings there, anyway back to the tiger. Sadly its numbers are falling dramatically due to the destruction of their environment, and poaching. These noble animals are slaughtered only to give a hand full of Chinese business men what Viagra couldn't. Personally I'm not a fan of the Bengal Tiger since my uncle Shamesh was killed by one at a zoo in Toronto. It was ironic because that was one of his top five reasons for leaving India.

Finally! The King Cobra is the largest venomous snake in the world, and it's native to India. Many may not know this but there is a difference between venom and poison. Venom is used as an attack mechanism so it's usually injected. Poison, however, is used as a defense mechanism and is eaten or absorbed. I don't have a punch line for that yet, I just thought it was interesting. Maybe now would be a good time for me to tell Aakash Hardeep, HOW COULD YOU HARDEEP! YOU

TOLD ME YOU AND ANISHA WERE JUST PRACTISEING WRESTLING MOVES! I CAN'T BELIEVE I BOUGHT THAT EX-CUSE!



And so as I sit here on my Panda throne, wearing my tiger cape, worshiping my solid ivory statue of the devil, I suddenly feel the need to be moral. I realize there are a lot of bad things happening in the world to human beings, but you can do small things to help animals. You may ask, "Why the fuck should I care Billal?" Well, firstly, there's no need to swear. Secondly, when you buy items made from endangered animals, understand that they are killed in the most inhumane ways. On top of that, you are indirectly strengthening the illegal poaching industry at the cost of hurting positive initiatives designed to help impoverished nations. So just pick the easy option and stop wearing real fur; it looks tacky anyway.

Dedicated to Anisha: PLEASE TAKE ME BACK BABY! I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU!

- Billol Sorwor

HOMELESS ALONE



UN-FUN FACTS!

Did you know during the Cold War, the Soviet government used the Toike to get coded instructions to their sleeper agents in the West, thus prolonging the conflict by at least a decade? By reading the Toike, you've legitimized the suffering of thousands of people.

Chronicles of a Canadian Superhero

Faster than a paper pellet More powerful than your bi-

Able to leap TTC turnstiles in a single bound

Look! Up in the sky! it's a bird. It's a plane! Naah.... It's a movie stunt! It's Captain Canada eh?

Yes, it's Captain Canada -Strange visitor from the planet Argon with powers and abilities far inferior to those of mortal men; who can neither change the course of mighty rivers nor bend steel with his bare hands; and who, disguised as mild mannered reporter Clerk Kahn for a small underfunded newspaper (Toike Oike... duh!) fights the never ending battle for Truth, Justice, Beer and more Beer the Canadian Way...Eh?

Bio: Cum-Em is the last survivor of the doomed planet Argon. Born to the illustrious porn movie family 'the Ems.' His father was a paranoid maniae Jor-Em who believed that the planet was going to blow up. However, since his forewarning of impending disaster were laughed off by the planet's Science council, he took revenge for the humiliation he suffered at their hands by destabilizing the planet's core and causing the planet to blow up (who's laughing now suckers?!?!). However, he made sure that before he put his plans of planetary destruction into motion, his infant son Cum-Em was safely tucked away into a prototype test rocket and shot off to the planet Earth where he believed the child's unique heritage would bestow it with extraordinary powers.

The rocket crash landed in the Kahn farm in Canada. The child was discovered by a gay couple Jonathan and Marty Kahn, who decided to adopt the boy as their own. Never stopping to think about the fact that they had found a child in a rocket, they named the child Clerk and taught him to live The Canadian Way-Truth, Justice and more Beer. The child lived a quiet, repressed, and sheltered life at the Kahn farm. In high school he dressed up like a prick, wore glasses that were unfashionable even twenty years back, and instead of swearing used phrases that were along the lines of 'Golly' and 'Gosh'. The only two friends he really had were Luis Lane and Lex Loser.

Eventually Clerk Kahn came to the sudden realization that everyone in his strange, strange town had the initials L.L. and got so weirded out that he hitch-hiked across the country to Toronto to live with his rich relatives, the Wayne's. The Wayne's were a family who doted on the young lad as they had no children of their own. One night after attending a movie premiere, the Wayne's and the lad were confronted by a hobo begging for some change. Tom Wayne, being a stringy miser refused to part with any of his money, especially when he found out the Hobo didn't even have change for a hundred. This drove the hobo nuts, causing him to pull out a gun, shoot the Wayne's, and run. Papa Wayne tried to impart young Clerk with a last piece of advice, but before he could complete his sentence death came; so what young Clerk heard went something along the lines of "Son....with great power comes.....greaEh?"

After this horrible tragedy, Clerk swore eternal revenge on the criminal element of downtown streets and went on to live by the last piece of incomplete advice his dear uncle bad imparted. He spent the next few years of his life honing his mind and body to the peaks of mental and physical perfection by following strict regime involving doing crossword and Sudoku puzzles every day, followed by television aerobic sequences. He was aided and abetted in his odyssey by his senile butler Alfie (who tried to talk with a British accent but managed to sound Irish, Welsh and Scottish at the same time). He traveled all around the world to acquire skills and knowledge that would aid him in his war on erime. However, after suffering food poisoning in China, being chased by the Italian masuffering malnutrition in Africa, and being detained in an American Airport because his name sounded like that of A-rab terrorists he decided it was time to end his 6 year regime; it was now time to adopt a mantle to scare the criminal element. His only constraints were that the mantle he bore should be an animal (and I mean that literally-he wanted a cloak made of fur). He spent days and nights sitting in his study for totemic animal to give him the sign. Unfortunately, the only two living creatures he saw were a dung beetle scuttling around the manor floor and the half-blind Alfie trying to strike up conversations with the

As Clerk was about to give up, a rabid beaver burst through the manor window and bit him. After spending a couple of weeks in the I.C.U, the young man came to the understanding that nothing would scare criminals more than a man dressed up like an overgrown rat, wearing his boxers over his trousers, speaking with a voice that would put Clint Eastwood to shame and using gadgets shaped like beavertails. After suffering a near death experience with a bunch of teen-age criminals, Clerk came to the conclusion that what really needed was a teenage partner who understood how those wacky youngsters thought. So he spent the next few weeks scouring orphanages, theaters

and circus shows for unwanted boys. The turning point in his history came when he attended the 'Billy Elliot' musical. Seeing a boy clad in tights, performing ballet and harmonizing in a high pitched voice seemed to arouse passions in him he had never known before, and he decided he must obtain the boy. Coincidentally the theater chose that particular day to collapse and everyone in the show died except for young Penis Grayson. Penis Grayson was adopted by the over-enthusiastic Clerk. It was only a matter of time before the lad stumbled into the cavern right below the manor which housed the Em family's archive of the greatest collection of porn and Captain Canada's "gadgets". Penis threatened to go to Social Services unless Clerk let him join his crime fighting. Clerk delightfully agreed as this would enable him to watch the boy prance around wearing a cape and tight underwear, beating the snot out of villains. God it would be so awesome. The lad assumed the name of Parrot, and together they became Toronto's premiere fighting duo......Captain Canada and Parrot!

Powers: Captain Canada has no known powers, but through extensive training has honed himself into a super Sudoku and crossword solver. He has the ability to become more attractive in direct proportion to the number of beers you consume. He has an unending supply of money to buy all his tech, though he has never worked a day in his life. The only explanation given for this is that he owns a large number of businesses. What businesses you ask? I don't know! Go fuck your-

Weaknesses: Argonite and Male Porn

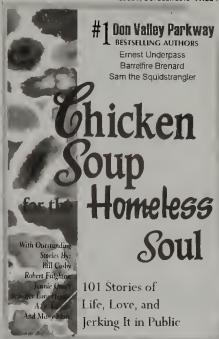
Hall of Villains:

The Kidder

- Humpy 'Half-Face' Dent
 - Ras Al Ghoul
- PETA Those crybabies are always whining about Cap-tain Canada's majestic fur cape. Especially that Billal
- guy. United Way - Ever since a hobo killed his parents, Captain Canada has been masterminding ways to kill off the hobo population.

Fun Fact: did you know this Toike can be used by the homeless as a blanket for cold nights? What's that you say? You're wondering what that fine grainy stuff on the Toike is? Well I'll give you a hint, it's definitely not

- Victor Übermensch Rhodes Schalar, Sex God, Pap Culture Revolutionary, Spiritual Messiah, Olympic Champian, Business Tycoon, Campassianale Samuroi



9 out of 10 homeless people prefer literal chicken soup





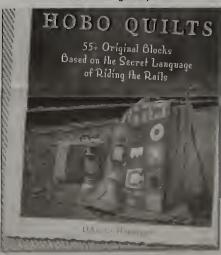
What are you doing this Halloween? Join us for

ENTERTAINMENT, GAMES, & PRIZES

Followed by a costumed door-to-door collection of canned goods for our local food bank!

Hart House October 31st @ 5pm

Sign up at: http://trickoreat.ca/youth Join our Facebook group: "Trick or Eat with University of Toronto St. George Campus"



Do It Yourself Hobo Kit

What you need: LToikes

- 1. Rub this page all over your face to get that dirty look.
- Z. Make a hobo sack by tying together the inside sheets of this issue
- 3. Use the second Toike to make yourself a change of weird clothes (we highly discourage Toike short-shorts)
- 4. Lick the back page of the second Toike until it's clean and white.

Congratulations! Once the ink poisoning really kicks in, you'll be a scary, raving hobo!